Enter Cleon the Gouernor of Tharſus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dioniſia*, ſhall we reſt vs here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne;
Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hils becauſe they do aſpire,
Throwes downe one Mountaine to caſt vp a higher:
O my diſtreſſed Lord, euen ſuch our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and ſeene with miſchiefes eies,
But like to Groues being topt, they higher riſe.
Cleon, O *Dioniſia*,
Who wanteth food, and will not ſay he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till he famiſh?
Our tongues and ſorrowes do ſound deepe:
Our woes into the ayre, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen ſlumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers to comfort them.
Ile then diſcourſe our woes felt ſeuerall yeares,
And wanting breath to ſpeake, helpe me with teares,
Dion. Ile do my beſt Sir.
Cleon. This *Tharſus*, ore which I haue the gouernment,
A Citty, on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches ſtrewd her ſelfe euen in the ſtreetes,
Whoſe towers bore heads ſo high, they kiſt the clouds,
And ſtrangers nere beheld, but wondred at,
Whoſe men and dames ſo ietted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glaſſe to trim them by:
There tables were ſtor'd full, ſo glad the ſight,
And not ſo much to feede on as delight,
All pouerty was ſcornd, and pride ſo great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeat.
Dion. O tis true.
Cleon. But ſee what heauen can do by this our change:

Theſe mouthes, who but of l
Weare all too little to conte
Although they gaue their cr
As houſes are defiled for wa
They are now ſtaru'd for wa
Thoſe pallats, who not yet t
Muſt haue inuentions to del
Would now be glad of bree
Theſe mothers, who to nouz
Thought nought too curiou
To eate thoſe little darlings
So ſharpe are hungers teeth, t
Draw lots who firſt ſhall dy
Here ſtands a Lord, and there
Heere many ſinke, yet thoſe
Haue ſcarſe ſtrength to giue
Is not this true?
Dion. Our cheekes and holl
Cleon O let thoſe Cities th
And her proſperities ſo large
With their ſuperfluous ryots
The miſery of *Tharſus* may
Ent
Lord. Wher's the Lord G
Cleon. Here, ſpeake out th
haſte, for comfort is to farre
Lord. We haue deſcried v
A portly ſayle of ſhips make
Cleon. I thought as much
One ſorrow neuer comes bu
That may ſucceed as his inh
And ſo in ours: ſome neigh
Taking aduantage of our mi
That ſluſt the hollow veſſels
To beare vs downe the whi
And make a conqueſt of vnh
Whereas no glory is got to

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